

Stanton at the Tomb of Lafayette

LIEUTENANT COLONEL Charles E. Stanton—Salt Lakers of twenty years ago will remember him as "Major" and his good wife as "Molly"—seems to be getting along famously as a member of General Pershing's staff. Recently the American commander-in-chief visited the grave of Lafayette and he chose our old friend to make the speech which the occasion demanded. It is needless to say that Stanton did himself proud, but we will let Tantalus of the San Francisco Town Talk tell about it in his own inimitable fashion:

"I can imagine how Mrs. Molly Stanton felt when she learned that her life partner Charley had been chosen by General Pershing to make the speech at the tomb of Lafayette in Paris. Army wives are good wives—that's a general rule which is more than proved in the case of Molly Stanton. If there's an American army officer living who has a more loyal, a more devoted, a more loving, a more understanding and a more sympathetic wife than Lieutenant Colonel Charles E. Stanton, then I'd like to know his name; he's a lucky fellow. Molly Stanton is the friend of all of Charley Stanton's friends. Charley Stanton who loves a good time, never has quite as much fun when Molly is absent as when she is included in the party.

"When Charley was ordered from San Francisco to Governor's Island, about the only consolation he found in the transfer from the midst of his dearest friends was that Molly was going with him. When he left this country for France in advance of the first expedition as a member of his friend General Pershing's staff, Molly of course had to be left behind, and the Major is too good a soldier to

waste any time repining about the separation. But you may be sure that he misses Molly. And you may be sure that Molly was tickled to death when she heard of the signal honor which had come to Charley in Paris.

"Lafayette lies at rest in the cemetery in Paris which takes its name from the famous old Rue Picpus. Thither shortly after his arrival General Pershing went with his staff, General Joffre and a number of other distinguished Frenchmen to lay a wreath upon the grave of the great marquis. It was an impressive ceremony, and a great throng was on hand to witness it. It was a ceremony which involved a certain amount of oratory, and General Pershing is not an orator. Neither is Lieutenant Colonel Charley Stanton, but he's a speaker—one of the best two-fisted, rapid-fire speakers that San Francisco ever knew. So Pershing asked Charley to make the appropriate remarks. And Charley did. He spoke with so much heart, so much fervor, so much patriotism and so much point that his audience went wild.

"Charley is no lady's man, but the subsequent proceedings were such as to turn a lady's man green with envy. For the women in the throng—vivacious French women—swept in upon the unguarded Charley and smothered him with kisses. I can see the face of Charley during this proceeding. I only wish the movie men could have taken a picture of the scene. Molly would like to see that picture, too. Molly is not jealous. She'd enjoy the wholesale osculation to which Charley was subjected as much as I enjoy it, or any other of Charley's friends. And of one thing she must be as certain as I am—that the one who didn't enjoy that osculation at all was her husband Charley."

The Wingfield Divorce Affair

NO one was greatly surprised to hear that the George Wingfields have split up again, but the surprising feature of the case, was the fact that George Wingfield entered the plea, instead of Mrs. George, for it had been said that that lady had enough grounds for seeking marital freedom, to get an entire collection of degrees.

But George, who has never in all of his romantic career allowed the grass to grow under his feet—sort of "beat her to it," as the expression goes.

It was just nine years ago, that society was astounded to hear that George Wingfield, multimillionaire mining man, banker and gambler of Reno, Nevada, was about to claim petite, brunette Miss Maud Murdock of San Francisco for his bride. She was the daughter of Robert Murdock, a well to do banker, and the marriage occurred after a twenty-four hour engagement, when the charming Maud boasted of but nineteen summers.

Wingfield built a very fine home in Reno for his bride, and after a time

a small daughter blessed their union. At that time Mrs. Wingfield's life was despaired of, but what did Wingfield do, but charter a special train from Reno to take his wife to San Francisco, where she might have expert care and attention. Several times since then rumor has had it that a separation was imminent in the Wingfield home, and a couple of years ago, the affair reached the boiling point, when Wingfield placed an advertisement in the papers, announcing that he would no longer be responsible for Mrs. Wingfield's debts.

The affair almost got into the divorce courts at that time, but was finally patched up by friends of the young couple.

Now George has filed suit for divorce on the grounds of cruelty, and Mrs. Wingfield has filed a counter suit charging her spouse with brutality.

Handsome George Wingfield, as he is known in Nevada, is the most picturesque character of the sage brush state. He first began his career in Winnemucca, Nevada, where he was running some gambling houses, and

where he first met James Nixon of Nevada, who was the head of the bank of Winnemucca. Together they went to Tonopah when the big strike was made there, and each got in the mining game, and cleaned up a large fortune. Then they moved on to the gold fields, where Nixon established the Bank of Goldfield. Nixon later became the United States senator from Nevada and 'tis said that he and Wingfield cleaned up in the neighborhood of twenty millions of dollars.

For several years after Wingfield's marriage to Miss Murdock, their home was harrassed by a Mrs. M. Barrie, who claimed that she was Wingfield's common law wife. After several years of this Wingfield finally settled with the woman. The Wingfields have two children, Jeane, aged five, and a son, a year and a half younger, of whom Wingfield now asks the court to award him the custody.—The Wasp.

APROPOS PROHIBITION

"HOW do you know that's liquor?" said an officer of a central Utah county to an official in a nearby state in which he was visiting on an official mission. Both officers were from bone dry states. The question was asked when two men were

brought in accused of bootlegging. "Well, I don't know," replied the officer, "but it looks like liquor. Suppose we taste it and see," he suggested, "for it may be used as evidence and the men here had it with them."

The Utahn, according to the story told The Weekly, assented and both tasted the beverage but were unable to decide after the contents of the bottle were drank. Then they called in two other officials to decide and another bottle was opened and sampled, but while it tasted like whisky and had the odor of whisky and had the "kick," the quartet were unable to decide. The evidence being destroyed the alleged bootleggers were released with the admonition to label wet goods which they might carry in the future as the officials could not always take the time to test the goods.

IN re the high cost of surviving these days, this occurred in a local restaurant.

"Let me have some butter—I didn't get any," a customer said.

"I gave you some, sir," insisted the waiter.

"Yes, I know you did, but I didn't get it. A fly lit on it and when I brushed it away the butter went along."



CALISTE CONANT, THE TUNEFUL TALE TELLER, WHO WILL BE ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE OPENING VAUDEVILLE BILL OF THE SEASON AT THE ORPHEUM THEATRE. THE SEASON OPENS ON NEXT WEDNESDAY EVENING AND THIS YEAR THE SHOWS WILL BE OPERATED THROUGH SUNDAYS.